

Store closes at 18 o'clock ; take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

**T. W. Robinson.**

**ONE HONEST MAN**  
AND BUT **ONE RELIABLE**  
**HAIR FOOD.**  
**NO DYE.**  
We feed the Hair that which it lacks  
and nature restores the color.

**THEORY.**  
ROYAL SCALP FOOD destroys the diseased germ  
of the scalp and a healthier action ensues.  
It contains the principal properties of the hair that  
are necessary to its life without which it will not grow  
It fertilizes the scalp the same as you do a field of  
corn and growth is certain. It invigorates the sluggish  
scalp, cleanses it and thoroughly eradicates all  
scalping, which is the forerunner of baldness.  
As the ONLY remedy ever discovered that will re-  
store the life, beauty and natural color to the hair  
of men and women.

**NOTE—EACH TINY LARVAHOLE,  
SCALD AND LOCAL SORE MUST BE WASHED.**

**ROYAL SCALP FOOD CO.**  
Box 305, WINDSOR, ONT.

After the procession dispersed the speeches of the day were delivered by Sir John Schultz, Lieut. Governor Manitoba; Rev. Hugh Pedley, May Gilroy Rev. W. G. Henderson, a

The handling and transportation of the seaboard of such an immense volume of produce as Manitoba the North West have this year to dispose of, is a gigantic undertaking, especially considering the brief time which the greater part of it must be accomplished, and the importance of the whole North West of its being successfully performed. We learn from Montreal that the Canadian Pacific Railway company is making the most perfect arrangements for the transportation of the enormous North West crop. Every available spare has been called in to assist in the work of transportation, and additional spurs will be built to meet the demand.

*Canadian Presbyterian.*



# HEART TO HEART; OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE

## CHAPTER IV.

### "A SOUND OF REVELRY."

Brilliant sunshine was flooding the fair lawns and gardens of the Marham Abbey, and pouring its rays upon motley groups of people met there to celebrate the birthday festivities of the young heiress. In the park were three large marquees with pennons, on which were emblazoned Hilda's monogram and the coat-of-arms of the proud race from which she sprang. Within were tables decorated with profusions of fruit and flowers, and loaded with dainties. The squire's intimate friends had been told off to do duty as stewards, and now, decorated with rosettes of blue and silver, they were busy marshalling the guests into the seats allotted for them. The farmers, their wives and families, in one tent, the poorer tenantry in another, and the villagers in a third. A military band from Windsor was discoursing sweetest music to the high-born guests assembled on the lawn, immediately in front of the Abbey, while the local Temperance Band was busy performing "The Roastbeef of Old England" in the neighborhood of the tents.

Roger Montacute, who headed the villagers' table, and was doing his best to attend to the wants of the guests, who were performing wonders in the demolition of gigantic sirloins and rounds of beef, mighty hams, tender fowls and ducks washed down with tankards of Old October, and finishing their repast with such trifles as plum pudding, jellies, blanc-manges and pounds of cherries and strawberries. But all things come to an end in this world, and the birthday feast was no exception to the rule. The speeches had been made, and the toasts proposed and duly honored, and Roger was free at last to seek repose from his labors in the society of his beloved Hilda.

The luncheon for the visitors who were staying at the Abbey, and those from the neighborhood who had joined the party, had been served in the great hall at 2 o'clock. Roger looked at his watch, and finding it was nearly half-past 4, noted that he would have to seek for Hilda in the grounds. It was rather like the proverbial search of a needle in a bundle of hay, he thought, as he passed group after group of pleasure-seekers without catching a glimpse of Hilda's white gown and radiant face.

Some were dancing quadrilles, under the hot sun, to the music of the local band, while a group of village lads were amusing themselves with "Aunt Sally," which Hilda had provided. Others were playing at last, upon a level stretch of greenward, the centre of a group of village school children, and attended by Maria Heathcote and Nigel Wentworth, he found the lady of his love. She was busily employed in distributing various prizes and prizes for which the younger children had been racing, but devoted from her occupation when she caught sight of Roger. The gleaming smile with which she greeted him, and her fond look of affection, was all that was needed to tell him that she was his. And he, in turn, with a look of devotion, and a cup of tea, which was being taken on to the terrace when I left the tent. So come with me, he said offering his arm, which she instantly accepted, saying as he did so:

"Mr. Wentworth, will you bring Miss Heathcote to have some tea? I am sure she needs it after her exertions."

And Nigel had no alternative but to offer his arm to the vicar's charming daughter, and follow in the wake of the others to the lawn.

A distinguished company of "the county people" were gathered upon the terrace, flirting, drinking tea and languidly watching a number of the village lads and lassies, who were dancing a wonderful set of country dances, which seemed to have no end, and which evidently required a good deal of exertion, to judge by the flushed countenances of the girls, and the moist and perspiring aspect of their swains.

"Poor dear things!" said Maria to Mr. Wentworth, as they mounted the terrace steps, "it's quite too delightful to see them enjoying themselves!—so broadminded, you know! But how warm the dear creature look, don't they?" she said, as she sank into a garden chair and accepted a cup of tea from a gentleman who stood near.

And so the afternoon waned and the golden moon rose slowly over the tree tops, and a gentle breeze sprang up, laden with the perfume of myriads of Summer flowers which cooled the heated waiters and gave fresh impetus to the dancers on the lawn; and the tents, where plenty of ale and sparkling cup of all kinds of refreshing beverages were to be obtained, where thronged with the thirsty crowd, who had made up their minds to enjoy to the utmost their share of the festival, for at 10 o'clock it was understood that the park was to be cleared, and several of the county police force were on the spot to assist in clearing the grounds ere the ball, to which all the neighborhood was invited, commenced. And now the barouches and landaus of the county magnates began to roll through the park gates and along the avenue to the great hall doors, where Hilda, looking lovely, and her white satin gown adorned with costly lace and sprays of staphis, her father's birthday gift of opals and diamonds gleaming among her golden tresses and clasping her white throat and arms stood by the side of the proud and happy Squire to receive the guests. Then came the officers' drag from Windsor and the Abbey carriages which had gone to meet the special train conveying Hilda's London friends, and soon the flower-decked hall was filled with a throng of beautifully dressed women and high-born men, and the strains of the exquisite band floated through the air, while Eves looked loved to eyes that spoke again. And all went merry as a marriage bell. The early part of the evening was passed by Hilda in dancing sundry "duty dances" with the Berkshire Squires, who were among her father's oldest friends, and she was resting for a few minutes in the conservatory, which was lighted with colored lamps and furnished with luxurious lounges, when Nigel Wentworth approached and requested the honor of her hand for the waltz which was just commencing. Rather unwillingly Hilda rose and

was soon floating through the ballroom in Wentworth's arms, while the plaintive strains of the "Sweetheart" waltz was rising and falling on the air. Both were excellent dancers, and, much as she disliked Nigel, Hilda could not but enjoy her waltz, and they danced till the last bar had away gently on the air.

"You look pale," said Nigel, his deep voice taking a tender tone. "Come into the library and rest a while," leading her into the dim, deserted room as he spoke.

The great oriel window was open, and the curtains of heavy green velvet which draped the lofty window. The bright beams of the moon were throwing fantastic patterns on the polished oak floor, which was only covered in the middle of the room by a carpet of rich Persian dye. The huge apartment, lit only by clusters of wax candles in silver sconces set against the wall, had a weird aspect viewed in the shadowy light, and Hilda shuddered with a nervous feeling, for which she could not account, as she entered.

"What is the matter, Miss Deloraine? Are you cold?" asked Wentworth, pressing closer to his side the little trembling hand.

"No, I am not cold," rejoined Hilda, drawing away her hand and sinking down upon a velvet-covered easy chair by the open window. "I felt an uncanny feeling as if somebody was walking over my grave," she said, trying to force a laugh, as she glanced up in the dark, passionate face of her father's trusted friend.

"I brought you in here, Miss Deloraine," said Nigel, seating and trying to possess himself of her hand, "to tell you something that I can keep to myself no longer. I love you, Hilda—ah, so passionately that I cannot remain longer in this state of uncertainty. Hilda, dearest, best beloved, I know I am unworthy of you, but will you be my wife?"

"Mr. Wentworth!" exclaimed Hilda indignantly. "Surely you are mad. What encouragement have I ever given you to speak to me in this manner?"

"None," replied Wentworth, gloomily, "but surely you cannot be angry with the love which your own beauty, your own sweetness has called into me?"

"But I am angry," replied the girl, "and I consider you forget yourself strangely to speak to me in this manner."

"Oh, Hilda," he exclaimed, his voice taking an agonized tone, as he noted the girl's look of aversion, "for Heaven's sake do not crush all my hopes. Give me time to try and win the one prize I care for in this world," striving as he spoke to clasp her in his arms.

Neither he nor in the future will I listen to you, Mr. Wentworth, and I repeat that I consider you have been guilty of great presumption in speaking to me at all upon such a subject."

For Hilda, in all the pride of her youth and beauty, considered herself to be an immeasurable distance between herself and her father's lawyer, and had no pity for the agony of the man whom she had always disliked.

Wentworth saw in a moment that the game was up, which he had freely admitted, and he turned away, and, stung to madness by Hilda's look of scorn, forgot the caution which was a part of his nature, as he exclaimed:

"I have to thank Mr. Montacute for this destruction of my cherished hopes. I know full well that he is your favored lover, but let Roger Montacute look to himself, for by Heaven, I will not stand tamely by and see my happiness shattered by a country bumpkin like himself. Oh, Hilda, he has added in plotting, passionate tones, 'don't be so cruel; there is no one who can love you more than I do.'"

"I am Hilda's only friend," said Wentworth, "to all else I am 'Miss Deloraine's' and 'the young girl,' and nothing more. And let me assure you that there is no Mr. Montacute in the world I should still have refused the honor you would offer me. I am sorry for your disappointment, but you have brought it on yourself. Doubtless you will soon forget my refusal to bestow on you my hand and fortune."

This unlooked for and, in truth, undeserved insult—for had Hilda been utterly penniless, Nigel Wentworth would still have loved her, and he would have rescued all that was evil in the man's nature, and catching her to his breast as she stood before him, he pressed a burning kiss upon her lips, exclaiming as he did so:

"You will never be Roger Montacute's wife, Hilda, for by Heaven, if you refuse me, I will be avenged, and you know not my power over you, proud girl, or you would never defy me thus openly!"

And holding her so tightly in his arms that she felt against his bosom the beating of his stormy heart, he raised his head and pressed his lips to her hair, which was powerless to resist, and then, losing her from his arms, he turned away and quitted the room.

## CHAPTER V.

### CYRUS OR ORANGE BLOSSOMS?

"Can you spare half an hour to come down to the church and see what you think of the decorations?" asked Maria Heathcote one bitterly cold day in January, as she entered Hilda's pleasant morning-room, where her young lady was busy examining the contents of sundry boxes and packages.

"Are those some more of your things, dear?" taking up some dainty trifle which Hilda's maid was taking out of a box marked with the name of the great "Euse."

"I thought everything was packed." "Oh, no, Maria, not everything; only those that I am going to take with me; but let us down to the church, dear. I am rather tired and stupid this morning, and the air will revive me. Fetch my fur coat and hat, Perkins," she said, turning to her maid.

And in a few minutes the two girls were crossing the park together.

It was the eve of Miss Deloraine's marriage. The morning would see her plighted to Roger Montacute, and in all the kingdom there was no happier woman that day than Mark Deloraine's daughter. The course of her love had run upon velvet. Both the squire and Mrs. Palmer had been delighted at the engagement. Roger, from a manly, plebeian disposition had long envied him to Deloraine, and Mrs. Palmer was rejoiced that her nephew should marry so wealthy and beautiful a girl as Hilda, and one, too, whose birth and lineage were irreproachable. Mrs. Palmer never had tolerated a man of the rank of the Deloraine, and she had never breathed a word to her father concerning the painful scene which had taken place between herself and Mr. Wentworth on the night of her birthday ball. She knew how greatly her

father esteemed and trusted Nigel, and she could not bear to be the cause of separating him from his friend. She had, therefore, on the rare occasions of Wentworth's visits to the Abbey, met him as if nothing had happened to disturb the serenity of their intercourse, though she had carefully avoided ever being left alone with him, as she was fearful lest he should urge his suit upon her. He had arrived at the Abbey on the preceding evening, bringing with him the marriage settlements, which were to be signed that evening by the bride and bridegroom. Several of the guests who were to attend the marriage were staying at the Temple with Mrs. Palmer; others were expected to arrive at the Abbey in time for dinner, so that Hilda knew, as she took her way across the park with Maria, that this would in all probability be the last confidential chat she would have with her old friend.

"Where is Mr. Wentworth to-day, Hilda?" asked Maria, as they crossed the ivy-covered bridge that spanned the moat. The young lady would have been by her side, as usual, had it not been for the fact that, when he pleased, he had himself eminently fascinated to the fair sex, and rather resented his withdrawing himself from their society.

"He has gone to meet papa, dear," answered Hilda. "He said he is to look what to do with himself this afternoon, so I suggested that means of occupying his time."

"Where is the squire?" asked Maria. "He rode into Windsor this morning," rejoined Hilda. "I expect we shall find him at home when we return."

"And Roger also," said Maria. "They had by this time reached the door of the church, which stood open, and the two girls entered."

"Oh, how exquisite!" exclaimed Maria looking down at the time worn, and, indeed, the church did look beautiful, seen in the golden waning light that shone through the partly painted window, and flung its rich colors upon the marble pavement. The pillars were wreathed with rich acanthus and white carnations, while font and pulpit, altar and reredos—aye, even the tombs in the burial chapel itself—were adorned with profusions of rich hot house blossoms; the cross over the altar was turned of coral, flowers and stephanotis, which exhaled a subtle perfume as the girls stood in the chancel admiring the effect of the beautiful church decked for the bride.

As Hilda stood silent, listening to Maria's gay chat, the ring of spurs was heard, and the time worn, and, indeed, the church did look beautiful, seen in the golden waning light that shone through the partly painted window, and flung its rich colors upon the marble pavement. The pillars were wreathed with rich acanthus and white carnations, while font and pulpit, altar and reredos—aye, even the tombs in the burial chapel itself—were adorned with profusions of rich hot house blossoms; the cross over the altar was turned of coral, flowers and stephanotis, which exhaled a subtle perfume as the girls stood in the chancel admiring the effect of the beautiful church decked for the bride.

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regained sufficient consciousness to feel the full force of the blow which was fated to shatter all her dreams of happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Thousands of Diamonds and Gems are in it, and it is Very Valuable.

In the tower of London is kept the Queen's crown, the diadem used at her coronation in 1838. It is composed of very ancient relics, but is a very modern composition, having been made by the firm of Rundell & Bridge, and completed in the year 1838.

The crown is constructed of jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her Majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver, encase a crimson velvet cap with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk.

Above the crimson border on the lower edge of the band is a row of 129 pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of 112 pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George III. set in the centre of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position, is another but smaller sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires, extending all round the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by clusters of diamonds, 123 in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornamental, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular band are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each.

In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the centre of which glitters the famous ruby given to Edward I. by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The centre of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the Eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centres, containing respectively 182, 124, 130 sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them, are four ornamental shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centre, and surrounded by diamonds, containing 55, 56, and 57 diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of 728 diamonds; 32 pearls represent the acorns and 54 diamonds the cups.

From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant-shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearls being incrustated with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its centre a rose-cut sapphire set in the centre of fourteen large diamonds.

Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-eight smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pendant-shaped pearls, and 273 small pearls.

It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.

## AN ELASTIC NUT

Which Seems To Take the Place of the So-called Lock-Nut.

This ingenious device is designed to do away with the necessity of putting two nuts on a bolt that is to be kept tight in place. The old plan was to put on one



nut, and then another to keep the first one from unloosening, the second nut being called the jam-nut or lock-nut. The elastic nut, however, locks itself. It is made from spring steel, being cut from a bar and then bent into a ring, the ends joining in a dovetail split. The nut ends in a hexagonal shape and is tapped a trifle smaller than its bolt, so that, when it is wrenched on the split open slightly, making a firm and constant hold on the bolt.

## Dangers of Spiritualism.

A report which just comes from Gubbio, Italy, affords a fresh illustration of the risks encountered by weak-minded people who attend such reunions. A lady named Manolava, the wife of a professor in a public school in the town, was persuaded that she could, by attending a seance, communicate with the spirit of her deceased son. The "medium" made certain preparations, and when the moment came for the spirit to appear flames and sulphurous fumes were issued from a black cabinet. The lady felt so persuaded that her son was suffering for his sins in the lower regions that she became stark mad, and it is thought she will never recover. Like many public exhibitions of the same class, this "medium" had various arts for misleading and deceiving his gullible auditors. In the case of Madame Manolava he overbore the mark, and the result will be a prosecution which will excite no little public interest. It is to be hoped that the law will have the effect of helping in some measure to check exhibitions by persons who are thorough-paced charlatans.

## Comrades.

Something ought to be done to prevent those two lunatics from going out rowing together, exclaimed the nervous woman. Don't mind 'em madam, replied the bystander. Each is in good company. One of 'em is the man who roasts the best and the other is the man who wants to see how far from shore he can swim.

## PRACTICAL FARMING.

### How to Remodel a Barn.

There is some controversy concerning the comparative value of a bank or basement barn, and one built on level ground. Having used both I candidly believe that farmers who contemplate building



a new or remodeling an old barn will not be sorry if they choose one with a basement. It is economical, warm, and if well ventilated will be most comfortable for stock. Do not give the fodder directly from the floor above, but have spacious alleys, wide enough to hold feed for one or two days. Have boxes in the basement for grain, also a couple of good carts for catching rats and mice.

The dimensions of a barn are not essential in a plan. Build according to your needs. Divide the stall room so it will give you the best service. Allow five feet in single stalls for horses, and three feet for cattle. The illustrations show my original barn, and also the remodeled and enlarged structure. I raised the old barn on an 8-foot stone wall on three sides of

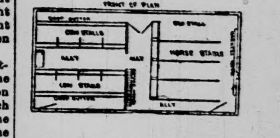


FIG. 3. GROUND PLAN OF THE REMODELED BARN.

the rectangle, then boarded, batted and prepared the other side as shown in the plan. It is very satisfactory now, and I have no doubt that many barns in the central west can be greatly improved at comparatively small expense. Fig. 1 is the old barn. Fig. 2 is the same after it had been placed upon the stone wall and remodeled. Fig. 3 is the ground plan showing the arrangement of the stalls.

For tying cattle, I find a chain most satisfactory. In my plan I place a 2x4 inch scantling, with rounded edges to permit the free working up and down of the chain. One end of this scantling is fastened to the top of the partition and the other to top of manger in a slanting manner. The chain placed about this scantling and the neck of the animal, allows plenty of room while eating and lying down, but keeps the animals in place. My cow stalls have a 6-inch door, the length of stall varying to correspond to the length of the cattle. This is a double, with a partition in the manger, so that each animal has his own food. This is an important point where animals of different ages are stabled together. In all well regulated stables, a good box stall, accessible from both cow and horse barn is desirable. This feature will be found in the accompanying plan.

## Rations for Work Horses.

It is undoubtedly true that a great majority of farm horses loose much of their effectiveness as workers from lack of proper feeding. It is too much the habit of farmers to sell themselves short of grain or to use it mainly for fattening stock. They sell what will sell most readily, reserving for their team hay and often a straw ration, supplemented with a very little grain. To get along with as light a feeding of grain as possible is very poor economy. Help is dear, and the farmer who has hired a good man at high wages cannot afford to have his effectiveness diminished.

Even when hay is plentiful it should never be fed in large quantities to horses at work. It is too bulky in proportion to its nutriment, and the effect of overloading the stomach is to greatly diminish the effectiveness of what nutrition the ration contains. There must be enough bulk to make the grain moist porous, so that the gastric juices of the stomach can act on the ration. Any more bulk than this on a working horse is injurious. When street cars were run by horses it was the aim of the company to get as much work as possible out of them. Large horses weighing 1,200 pounds or more were preferred. The ration of such horses was sixteen pounds of corn and oats ground and mixed with sixteen pounds of a finely-cut hay. This was given at three feeds, morning, noon and night, but divided so as to give the largest feed at night after the day's work was done. On this ration nearly all street cars would go. But for the fact that the horses' feet would be battered by hard pavements, horses so fed could be kept at street car work until they grew too old for further service.

Most farmers feed much more heavily than this, but it is usually with nearly double the amount of hay and very little grain. Livery men want to feed their horses so as to make faster time than the street cars. Their ration has a greater proportion of concentrated food, and it may be extended with bright chopped straw or wheat bran. This last makes an excellent divisor of meal, and it has greater nutritive value than hay. Fine wheat middlings are also excellent for working horses, but the middlings must be mixed with a considerable amount of cut hay or straw to prevent it from massing in the stomach and causing colic. Over feeding while working will, in most horses, cause diarrhoea, and this rapidly decreases strength. On the contrary, with a nourishing but rather small ration the horse will be able to keep his strength up, and will require an addition of a quart of a pound of linseed meal Saturday night, so that the Sunday rest will give opportunity for a thorough clearing.

Oats are much the best for working horses, and if ground without corn they will require very small amount of cut feed to give them the proper bulk. But as a feed they are much more expensive than is the mixture of corn and oat meal, which is almost universally used for feeding working farm horses. A team of horses that will stand their work and be better fitted for a day's work after four or five weeks' steady plowing or cultivating than they were at the beginning. Some farmers

of our acquaintance use bran for a part of the divisor. It is a stronger feed than the same weight of hay, and with the bran the hay part of the ration may be reduced to six or eight pounds per day.

For feeding in bulk clover hay is objectionable to many farmers because it is liable to be dusty. It is so rich in nitrogen that it heats very easily if bad weather occurs while the clover is curing, and in the barn there is apt to be some heating of clover hay in the mow. Horses are very fond of clover and will gorge themselves on it so as to be unfit to do hard work. But for cut feed to be used with moistened corn and oatmeal and bran, the clover hay is very much better than is timothy, and a less number of pounds will be needed to keep the horses in good condition for working.

Cut corn stalks are not good to mix with corn and oatmeal and bran as cut feed. Nor should they be fed at any time unless moistened with water. The stalks are very laxative, and if fed to working horses they diminish their effectiveness. It is, however, a good thing to feed idle horses in the winter with a part ration of corn stalks each day, changing this when the horses are set to work, to a ration of cut hay and grain meal. It is very important that the working teams shall be ready to do their best six days in the week. In this way only can the work be pushed so as to make it cost as little as possible for the results attained.

## BLIND MEN'S VICTORIES.

Only the Most Resolute Natures Can Win Such Battles as These.

A unique career was recently brought to a close in the suburbs of a great American city. It was that of a man totally blind from early childhood, who, by force of an indefatigable will, had succeeded in becoming a scientific anatomist.

Although deprived of sight, he trained himself by muscular exercise to be an athlete. The loss of one sense only strengthened his determination to preserve all his other faculties in the freshness of perfection.

His own success in muscular exercise brought a group of young men around him, and before he was twenty-one years old he was a training-master for athletic sports of every sort. He opened a gymnasium with apparatus designed to carry into practice theories of his own respecting the development of the human body.

He taught large classes, led in exercises of all kinds, and performed the most difficult feats with unerring accuracy. His facility in using the apparatus and moving about the gymnasium was amazing. Visitors could hardly be convinced that the expert and fearless teacher was absolutely sightless.

His gymnasium was gradually converted into a school of health. By physical exercises conducted under his supervision, he undertook to remedy deformities of body, and to cure patients afflicted with diseases of lungs, digestion and disordered nerves. He became, in fact, if not in title, a physician of repute, and a number of his original theories to the treatment of diseases, devoted the best years of his life to a minute study of the mechanism of the human body, with a view to remedying the physical defects of other men.

He was the blind boat-builder designing the finest yachts, or the blind entomologist making scientific discoveries, or the blind statesman discussing in Parliament the intricacies of finance and conceding the most important executive department, only the most resolute nature can win such victories as these.

Mr. Fawcett, when he met with an accident in his youth by which he lost his sight, was a student with an ardent ambition for public life. A weaker nature could have given up the fight as hopeless, but with unflinching courage he followed the career he had marked out for himself. He continued his study of political economy by the aid of other men's eyes; translated for public life. A weaker nature could have given up the fight as hopeless, but with unflinching courage he followed the career he had marked out for himself. He continued his study of political economy by the aid of other men's eyes; translated for public life.

He was virtually blind, but with unflinching courage he went on with his work year after year.

## LONG AND SHORT OF MARRIAGE.

Tallest and Smallest Couple Ever Married in England.

On May 28, 1884, the wedding of the shortest man and woman ever married in England was celebrated in St. James' Hall at Manchester. The bridegroom was Francis Joseph Elynn, called "General Mike," a native of Greece, in the State of New York, who was born on Oct. 2, 1864, and was exhibited in Piccadilly, at London, from Nov. 22, 1880. His height was 21 inches and his weight was only one pound. The bride was Miss Ellen Swann, a Nova Scotia, who exhibited herself in the United States in May, 1871, and was married at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, on June 17, of that year. Her height was 2 feet 10 inches, and her weight was 15 pounds. She was 15 years old at the time of her marriage and weighed only seven pounds.

At the other extreme (Captain Martin Van Buren Bates of Kentucky, the tallest man in the United States, who exhibited himself in Nova Scotia, who exhibited himself in the United States in May, 1871, and was married at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, on June 17, of that year. Her height was 2



Whether France can bear an income tax and long maintain a republican form of government may be doubted, but it looks now as if the experiment would be tried. The leading feature of the budget recently presented in the Chamber of Deputies by Prime Minister Ribot, is the deficit of \$10,000,000 which it discloses, a deficiency which, however, is not surprising when it is known that the interest on debt of all kinds, with the cost of the fighting departments, leaves but \$200,000,000 for all remaining expenses. As any retrenchment is exceedingly difficult, Mr. Ribot proposes to meet the deficit by a number of small taxes, among which are a new succession duty, a new stamp duty on the bonds of foreign companies, a tax on servants, except those employed on farms and in factories, a tax on horses and carriages, and a modification of the spirit duties. As even this increase of taxation will still leave a deficit and as many of the new taxes proposed, especially that on domestic servants, are exciting great irritation, it is believed that a determined effort will be made to substitute a graduated income tax for the various taxes proposed by the government. The belief is strengthened by the urgent demand for the change on the part of the Radicals and Socialists, by the fact that the latter comprise a majority of the members of the budget committee of the Chamber, and that although an income tax is regarded with disfavour, many men of all parties are becoming seriously alarmed over the continued deficits.

Should the tax become a law it would, of course, render unnecessary the new imposts and duties proposed by M. Ribot, and would also permit a considerable reduction in the existing protective tariff schedules but its effect on the political future of France could hardly fail to be disastrous. It must be remembered that the form of government desired by the French middle class, or bourgeoisie, was not a republic founded on universal suffrage but a constitutional monarchy, in which as in Prussia, the political influence of the individual should be proportioned to the taxes he pays. It is for this reason that intelligent and far seeing French Republicans oppose the imposition of an income tax—because they know that the present universal suffrage is used to make men unequal on the tax lists, that moment will the hostility of the unemployed and wealthy classes be roused to full activity. And as these classes contribute the bulk of the revenue of the state, once roused to activity, they will control its armed forces also, and will employ them against the condition of things based on universal suffrage, that is, to the destruction of the whole fabric of Republican institutions. The government sees this danger clearly, and is strenuously resisting the effort of the Radicals and Socialists to levy a tax on the classes which by thrift and industry have lifted themselves above want, but is unfortunately, handicapped by its own action in pushing through the Chambers the new tax on religious orders. The effect of this tax is to deprive the religious congregations of nearly a tenth of their income, and as it is not only a class tax, pure and simple, but a declaration of war on French Catholics, it goes far to nullify the opposition of the government to the proposed income tax as alien and inimical to Republican institutions.

#### CATTLE THAT TRAVELLED FAR.

The first shipment of live oxen from Australia to England showed a small profit.

The experiment of transporting beef cattle alive from Australia to London has just been made and the result has been so successful that transportation of cattle on the hoof is likely to become an important branch of the carrying trade between these two distant points.

In the case referred to seventeen Australian oxen were received in good condition after a voyage sixty-two days in duration and about 15,000 miles in length.

At the first glance it seems impossible that cattle could be transported this distance, being well enough fed in the meantime to keep them in good condition, and yet bring a sufficient price to afford the stock raisers of the antipodes even the smallest margin of profit. The figures showing the amount of gain are therefore exceedingly interesting.

The live stock was purchased at prices varying from \$19.80 to \$24.60 per head. Their transportation cost \$63.60 each, which included their fodder and care. It will be noticed that this charge is about \$1 a day for the entire voyage. On their arrival at London the beasts were disposed of at an average price of \$96 per head. As their average cost had been about \$22.30 in Australia, the transportation charges would increase this to nearly \$80 by the time they reached London, which would bring the average profit per head up to a little over \$10, or an aggregate of \$170 for the trial lot.

This is sufficiently gratifying, but it is hoped, when cattle are shipped in greater numbers and the methods of caring for them are perfected by experience, that the cost of transportation will be considerably lessened and the profits, naturally, increased.

It was remarked in regard to these seventeen cattle that they stood the voyage easily, and reached London in much better condition than when they left their Australian pastures. The secret of success, it is said, lies principally in feeding the cattle carefully yet abundantly, and as they take no exercise they cannot help but put on flesh.

#### An Atmosphere of Realism.

He (reaching his seat after a brief visit outside)—What an atmosphere of realism there is about this play! I only felt like pushing—She—Yes. Smells like clover.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### Raggles.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and he cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself. He was a sorry looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate of Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, shivering in the wind and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside. Mr. Hudson noticed him, and started to drive him away. But his little daughter, Lillian, said: "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate and the pony walked in, just as if it were his home. Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles, on account of his long-tangled mane and tail. He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress, and when she rode him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairie with her father. But Raggles seemed to consider she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all dangerous-looking places and holes in the prairie. When the next spring came Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day. Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school house, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian. He always arrived on time, and if he was a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of our readers will remember the blizzard that struck the western States in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder. The snow blew so thick and fast that it was impossible to see through the blinding snow. Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else. She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride, except being thoroughly chilled.

### The Girl Away From Home.

Unquestionably many of our girls have been invited to spend a short time with some friend this summer. Perhaps some one is going away from home for the first time, is looking forward expectantly to a pleasant visit, and many little preparations are being made for her.

It is possible that where she is going no servant is kept, the work being done by the several members of the family. This being the case, she should make a little extra trouble as possible. She may perhaps share her friend's room. Let her be particular to take care of her dresses and little belongings, not leaving them around in the way. Then it would be best for her to take care of her own room.

By every one one is busy, and it is not easy for some one to be with her, let her rely upon her own resources, and amuse herself whenever occasion demands. She can read, or spend her time with music, if musically inclined.

It is a point of courtesy to always be on time. Never, unless unavoidable, let the family be kept waiting a moment at meal-time, or when going out. The guest should conform to the customs of the house.

If there be anything she can do to accommodate any one, let her not hesitate to do it. If her friend is doing anything with which she can help, she should do so, and thus enable her entertainer to be free from her duties that much longer.

By showing consideration for others, when her visit comes to an end her friends will say good-bye with genuine regret, and extend a cordial and sincere invitation to "come again," and she will feel that it has been a very pleasant vacation.

### A Useful Support for Tomatoes.

The illustration herewith shows a support for tomatoes that has several special advantages, for while it serves its purpose well as a support for both the upper and lower branches, these supports on either side are slightly inclined away from the row, causing the plant to spread out from its center, thus letting the sun and air in.



### SERVICABLE TOMATO TRELLIS.

To ripen the fruit within. With most tomato supports the plant, with its abundant leaves and many branches, is held together so that the fruit within is not only difficult to reach, but much of it decays because of want of air and sunlight. Light frames like those illustrated can be made of any length desired, and driven in beside the rows where the plants are beginning to throw out branches.

### A Good Case.

No, said Smallwort, who was taking his case under his own vine and fig tree, no, I won't give you anything to eat, but if you will do some work, I will give you a quarter in cash.

Do you know, said Everett Wreath, that I've got a mighty good case, again you've attempted bribery, if I only felt like pushing it?

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

### BRO. GARDNER INTRODUCES A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI.

It is Noted That the Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., has been elected a member of the Lime-Kiln Club. The Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., has been elected a member of the Lime-Kiln Club. The Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., has been elected a member of the Lime-Kiln Club.

"I wish to be plain," said Brother Gardner as he adjusted his spectacles and brushed up his front hair, "I wish to disclaim that Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., of Coochecoo, Miss., am present in de seat room an' burnin' to deliver his celebrated address on 'Sentiment.' He arrove heah three or four days ago, an' has finished his 'lat bar' of apples, worn my Sunday coat right along, an' will be a dead-head on me till he can spake his piece an' catch a mixed freight train to Toledo. De committee will escort him, an' if dat water-pail am upst or any lamps knocked down doorn his delivery of guilty wretch or wretches will receive a lesson dat will remain solid for a hundred years."

### THE HON.

The Hon. Lawless appeared with a pair of red mittens in one hand and a lemon in the other, and such was his placidity of mind that he did not mind one of the mittens in place of the lemon he never even changed color. He sized up five feet and six inches, intelligent expression, head cast in the shape of a pair, and feet large enough to trample an onion bed out of sight. He mounted the platform like a steel climbing a side-hill, bowed right and left in response to the applause, and quietly began:

"My friends, I cannot depress the pleasure an' gratification which I feel in 'n' myself standin' heah under de sacred shingles of Paradise Hall—a structure whose name am a household word where de English language greets de ear. (Applause.) I would rather stan' heah den be buried under a \$10,000 monument. (Cheers.)"

"De subject ob my address am Sentiment. What am sentiment? Whar do we get it, an' what am it wort by de pound den de market am not overstocked with it? Sentiment am a sort ob 'lasses an' mush surroundin' de heart. In some cases it narrows out an' turns to stum, while in others it thins out until de heart fairly floats in a pond ob sweetness. (Applause.) Sentiment am considerable to do with every acquaintance in de everyday life. It am himes when you start to borry a pan of flour or a basket ob baters. It am sentiment dat causes a nuybor to lend, instead of demandin' spot cash. (Wild applause from Judge Cadaver.)"

"Business acquaintances de lazy an' de shiftless to set out an'—"

### BEHOLD VIRTUES

an' ole clothes an' dimes an' quarters. Sentimental acquaintances women to tears ob 'em an' stum 'em up wid' 'nuff to loaf on for 'nother month. When we have a kickin' hoss our sentiment am peeled to. We argy dat de safety ob our loved ones requires us to trade an' assume de position ob de president whar de perfectly reliable boss. Dat's one kind ob sentiment. When we buy an excursion ticket to Niagara Falls, an' reach de grand cataract after a thirty hour's sweat on cattle cars, de immense wave of water ped to anoder kind ob sentiment. When we luv we reveal anoder phrase ob sentiment. If de gal am high-toned an' rich de sentiment am all solid. If she am only average, an' in debt fur her 'lar spring hat, de sentiment am 'nother kind ob sentiment. It am longer dat de first bill fur meat comes in. (Cries of "You bet!")

"My friends, sentiment writes poetry wid' one han' an' tears de backs ob de children wid' de oder. It guides our thoughts to frens ob de past. It makes us shed tears ob de dead, an' 'nuff warnas to cut de undertaker's bill down 25 per cent. Sentiment tells us to luv our fellers, an' 'nuff whispers to us to look ob de 'nother place torpedoes in our hen-roosts. (Groans.) I have bin lovin' into de matter fur de last forty-eight years, an' I have cum to de conclusion dat it's a wise thing ter purvide de human race wid' sentiment. If it had bin left out by any accident in de mixin, de bes' man among us wouldn't have got a kid. It am put up at auction along wid' a lot ob fence-posts. I could talk to you fur three straight weeks on dis subject, but obsearvin dat my half hour am up I will chop off right heah an' hope dat it may be my pleasure at some future time to luv de pleasure ob de man who wants his fortune told will fin' me in de antny room fur de next two hours." (Cheers and yells, and such vigorous stamping that three lamps and twenty-two feet ob stovepipe fell down and Brother Gardner adjourned de meeting.)

### Weather Prophet.

An old man who acts as sexton in the old church of a little New Hampshire village, has what he calls a "sure tellin' power," to assist him in making those prognostications about the weather for those who have acquired a pleasant renown in the neighborhood.

"It's my old bell-rope that tells me arsin sure when there's a dry spell comin' an' when we may count on a good smart rain. She's just as reliable as last week's paper—or just about."

"When I take her in hand to ring for an evenin' meeting, I say to myself, 'Well! fetch a storm by to-morrow night, or my name art Keziah Hicks,' says I. An' we allus frets that storm to-morrow night—or thereabouts."

"But when I ketch a bolt of her on a real bliz' 'n' July mornin', when the folks are all comin' along up the road with palefaced fans an' sun umbrellas, an' she's all quonched up together just as dry as an old bone, an' not a mite ob give to her—why, I know dat she expect to 'an' when agin' an' puse an' say, 'Don't you reckon she'll get some rain to cool us ob before long, Mr. Hicks?' I'm obliged to say to 'em dat I can't give 'em any enkerregement."

"Almanacs is fearful unartin', an' even weather reports is kinder liable to prone, moisten up de air, but you take an old bell-rope dat's got de hang ob de climate, as ye might say, an' she won't never mislead ye. When she's dry, ye can leave your sun umbrellas to home, an' when she's moist, why, if you don't see it smoochin' up in th' east before long it'll be—it'll be most likely because de storm has ris up in de middle ob de night, an' ketched ye nappin'."

Robert Rankin, of Port Hope, has been drowned at Kingston.

## Canteen Canticles.

### THE RECAPIT.

Sex Corporal Madden to Private McFadden: "Be gob, ye're a bad un! Now turn out ye're toes! Ye're belt is unhookit, Ye're cap is on crookit, Ye may not be drunk, But, he jabsers, ye look it! Wan—two!"

Ye monkey-faced ape, I'll jolly ye through! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

Ye march like the single up in the Park! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

Sex Corporal Madden to Private McFadden: "A saint it ud sadden To drill such a mug! Ye're front—ye're taboon, ye! Chin up! Ye gossamer, ye! Ye're jaws like a goat—Halt—ye leather-lipped loon, ye! Wan—two!"

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

Ye're eyes like a bat;—can ye see in the dark? Wan—two! Time! Mark!

Sex Corporal Madden to Private McFadden: "Ye're finger wants padin'—Sure, man, ye've no shape! Bold ye're shoulders! Stick out like two bowlders! Ye're shins is as thin As a pair of pen holders! Wan—two! Wan—two!"

Ye're chest belongs on ye're back, ye Jew! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

Sex Corporal Madden to Private McFadden: "Me heart it ud gladden To blacken ye're eyes. Ye're gettin' too bold, ye Compel me to scold ye,— 'Tis halt! 'Tis halt!—Will ye heed what I told ye? Wan—two!"

Be jabers, I'm no more than Brian Born! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark! Wan—two! Time! Mark!

Sex Corporal Madden to Private McFadden: "I'll not stay a gald'd' Wild dagoes like you! I'll travel no farther, I'm dhry' for—water!—Come on, if ye like,—Can ye loan me a quarter? Ye-as, you, What,—two?"

And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy! Whurro! Ye'll do! What—Mark, The Rigmint's fattered to own ye, me spark!"

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

A slight answer to an intricate and useless question is a fit cover to such a dish—cabbage leaf is good enough to cover a dish of mushrooms.—Jeremy Taylor.

Pardon me to victory too far. He had conquered what that hath made his enemy fly; thou mayest beat him to a desperate resistance, which may ruin thee.—George Herbert.

Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue.—Confucius.

True worth is as inevitably discovered by the facial expression as its opposite is sure to be clearly represented there. The human face is nature's tablet, the truth is certainly written thereon.—Lavater.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

### When the Ground Trembles.

They have been making observations in Italy of the behaviour of animals during earthquakes, and have got a number of interesting results. It must require a good deal of sangfroid to sit down when an earthquake happens, and in the interest of science, what the effect of it upon your cat or your pet Canary. However, observations were found, and this is what they observed. Dogs, it appears, generally howl; horses run up hills; horses tremble; and "partridges fly a long distance," which is really the most sensible thing to do in the circumstances. "Pigeons and hawks on a tower flew round and round it," the former being, presumably, and the latter giving chase, which has occasionally been known to happen when the earth was not quaking. "An owl chained to a tool-house cried as if for help." But yourself in the owl's place, and wouldn't you have done the same? On the whole, we don't learn much from these "observations." Animals behave a little more sensibly, perhaps, than human beings who generally run naked out of their houses, and stay in the streets till daylight, but that isn't saying very much.

### Roundabout Messages.

A special correspondent found himself shut out of a London newspaper office in Fleet Street, and unable to make himself heard by anyone within. His errand would not wait till morning. What should he do? He went to the Central Telegraph Station and telegraphed to a newspaper office in Ireland stating the facts there to telegraph to the clerk in Fleet Street to come down-stairs and let him—the correspondent—in.

Mr. Baimes, in his "Forty Years at the Post-Office," tells a similar story. He was always to get a branch telegraph office in Seymour Square, London, one evening, when the gas went out, and left him in total darkness. He fumbled about for a match. There was not one in the office. Probably there were some in the telegraph office in Euston Square. But he should be at them. He had no telegraphic communication with that office.

He telegraphed to Birmingham: "Please wire Euston Square to send me some matches."

In a few minutes a boy came in with a box.

The infernal machine received by the Berlin police was sent by Belgian anarchist.

## PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

### INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Brockville has 15 barbers. Ayr has a new weekly paper. It cost \$215,000 to survey Georgian Bay.

Port Colborne harbor is being deepened. South Leeds has a new post-office called Bowell.

Berlin has 6,000 volumes in its public library. Oxford county constables ask for many reforms.

A cold storage factory is to be built in Galt. The Fort William curfew rings nightly at 8.45.

In Sarnia the wheelmen register their bicycles. Connemat men and boys go fishing on Sundays.

The L. O. F., Brockville, are building a new hall. Winnipeg has voted \$65,000 for school buildings.

A Methodist college is to be built near Vancouver. Last year Essex county schools cost \$22,927.85.

County Treasurer Stock, Wentworth, has resigned. Stratford has not a single case of contagious disease.

The Berlin Saengerbund has just opened its new hall. Peter Stuart, Ingersoll, has a broom plant in blossom.

Welland will have a firemen's demonstration August 6th. The Magnetawan locks are closed while being repaired.

Digby, N. S., is supplying itself with water by gravitation. The C. P. R. station at MacLeod, N. W. T., has been robbed of \$1,000.

The G. T. R. intends to build a fine up-to-date station in Hamilton. A number of Danish families have settled in Ottawa this spring.

The church at Sparrow Lake will have a Sunday school room added. Ten thousand members of the L. O. F. will be in Guelph August 26th.

Dr. David Robertson has been appointed coroner for Halton county. A Blenheim man is under arrest for selling cancerous beef in Chatham.

There are nearly 200 members connected with the Woodstock Bicycle Club. One day last week 53,300 feet of lumber were cut at the Huntville mill.

There is talk of establishing a Collegiate Institute at Portage la Proude. A new Masonic lodge, called "Algonquin Lodge," has been instituted at Emsdale.

Kingston wants the G. T. R. shops that are now located at Belleville and Brockville. Hulbert's shingle mill, Sprucedale, recently destroyed by fire, is to be re-built.

The coloured people of London have formed an "Independent Order of Good Samaritans." The total number of wrecks in Canadian waters during the last fiscal year was 96, representing the loss of ten lives and \$320,000.

There are nearly 700,000 horses in Ontario. The number of hogs is 1,125,000. Of horned cattle there are 2,000,000, and sheep about 3,986,000. And there are in the farm yards 7,560,000 head of poultry.

The oldest clergyman in Canada in the active ministry is probably Rev. Mr. Coe, a Lutheran minister of Lunenburg, N. S. He was born in 1806; ordained in 1828, 61 years ago; arrived in Lunenburg 1860; has baptized 3,986; married 960 couples; buried 1,041; has preached 11,000 sermons, and travelled 200,000 miles.

### QUEER FREIGHT FOR CHINA.

The Skeletons of Dead Chinese Shipped in Boxes Marked "Fish Bone."

A curious freight which is shipped exclusively from San Francisco to China is "fish bone," which pays \$20 a ton. It is sent in large boxes consigned to the Tung Wah Hospital at Hong Kong, but the contents of the boxes are really the bodies of dead Chinamen sent home for burial.

Most of the Chinamen who go to the United States are under the care of the Six Companies, who sign a contract guaranteeing to return the bones of the dead for burial with their ancestors in the celestial empire, and the Tung Wah Hospital acts as the agent in carrying out the agreement. They are shipped as "fish bone" in order to evade the rule of the steamship companies, who charge full first-class passenger rates for the dead.

Nearly every ship leaving San Francisco for China carries among the stowage passengers a number of invalids who hope to live until they reach their native country, but several usually die on every voyage. There is an agreement between the steamships and the Six Companies which forbids the burial of these bodies at sea, and the latter furnish coffins of the peculiar Chinese pattern for use in such emergencies. They are made of slabs, the first cut of the log, so that the sides and bottom and top are rounded. A dozen or more are carried on each ship, and the surgeon is furnished with a supply of embalming fluid.

When a Chinaman dies at sea the surgeon embalms the body, which is then placed in a coffin, sealed up, and lowered into the hold. The expense is paid by voluntary contributions from the other Chinese passengers, the crew, and the stewards of the ship, all of whom belong to that race. No subscription paper is passed around, but a pan containing Chinese sugar is placed beside the coffin and every Chinaman on board drops in his contribution, from a dime to a dollar, and takes a piece of sugar from the pan, which is supposed to bring him good luck and prolong his life. When the ship reaches Hong Kong the coffin and the belongings of the dead are delivered to the Tung Wah Hospital, which disposes of them to the surviving friends in China. Every Chinaman in the United States is supposed to be registered at the Tung Wah Hospital and with the Six Companies at San Francisco.

## HEALTH.

### Catarrah of the Stomach.

The stomach is covered throughout with a lining identical with that of the nose, mouth and throat. All disorders of the stomach, therefore, are attended with more or less of the same condition which is present in disturbances of these passages—that is, catarrh.

Chronic catarrh of the stomach commonly arises from repeated attacks of acute indigestion, though it may follow any disturbance which produces a congestion of the arteries and veins of the stomach, as disease of the heart, lungs or liver. It may also arise from the continued use of alcoholic or other irritating drinks.

In recent cases of gastric catarrh, as has been said, the same conditions are present as in every case of inflammation of the mouth, nose and throat, and the surface of the stomach presents the same red, swollen, slime-covered appearance. As the disease progresses, however, there is not only a superabundance of catarrhal secretion, which encloses every particle of food that is put in the stomach in an impervious and slimy covering, but the glands which secrete the all-important gastric juices and which are situated just below the surface, are themselves attacked, and one after another are destroyed.

By this means the power of the stomach, as an organ of digestion, is slowly but surely undermined. A more or less extensive ulceration of the surface follows the destruction of the glands. These raw patches give rise to a disagreeable gnawing sensation, and to the tenderness which is experienced at the pit of the stomach, and are responsible for the patient's unnatural thirst for water and stimulant. The food, being covered with mucus and thus rendered impervious to the action of the juices, undergoes fermentation. To the gases which arise from this fermentation is due the prominence which may be felt at the pit of the stomach. To them also, indirectly, is due the loss of the patient's appetite, since there is an almost constant feeling of fullness in the stomach. The body thus suffers literal starvation. Tonsillitis of an aggravated type adds to the general distress.

Only light, easily digested food, well cooked and without spicy seasoning, should be taken into the stomach of one troubled with this form of catarrh. The digestion may be aided by some one of the many peptic preparations.

A popular method of treating gastric catarrh is by washing out the stomach daily with a syphon. Rest of the body in general is as imperative as rest of the stomach.

### The Sick Room.

A woman who is a trained nurse, in a course of lectures on her profession says there is no such thing as a born nurse; the habit of observation is a duty and the basis of nursing, which is an art only to be learned by practice.

A sunny sick room, one that is entered by the sun once in 24 hours, is desirable; patients placed on the south side of an hospital ward recover sooner, by from ten days to a fortnight, than those on the north side. Plenty of light is beneficial, except in cases of brain disease. The less furniture in a room the better, and to keep it clean a damp cloth should be used instead of a dry one.

The air must be kept as pure inside as outside, and there is little or no risk about having the window open, top and bottom, if the patient is well covered, head included, and a good fire kept burning. Night air is not injurious; it is purer in a city after 10 p. m. than any other time.

The bed should never be in a corner but accessible from all points. In fever and surgical cases, a "cradle" has sometimes to be used to keep off the weight of the bedclothes; an impromptu cradle can be made out of a handbox, with the bottom knocked out.

Bedmaking is the grammar and keystone of nursing; many regular nurses cannot make a good bed. It is important to act with decision when the time comes for any office, and not to worry the patient by hesitation or talking of what is to be done; to tread quietly but firmly, not to tip-toe, and never to whisper to a third person. Every patient ought to be made to secure for the patient two hours' sleep before midnight. Amateur nurses often break down through neglecting to take food when keeping watch through the night.

### Correct Breathing.

Breathe properly and systematically and rhythmically and you may overcome insomnia, weak lungs, indigestion and even seasickness. This at least is the theory as well as the successful practice, of the patients of the famous Dr. Oertel, of Munich, who has elaborated a system of breathing that he has set forth in a large work on the subject. The patient is to breathe by count, rather by steps—so many full deep breaths to a step; the number being regulated by the nature of the place where the walk is taken, whether it be level or an ascent or descent. The speed is regulated by the ailment and condition of the patient.

### A Romance.

The Knight of the Golden Lance drew rein upon his richly caparisoned steed in front of the ancient castle of Doonoberg. The portcullis was battened down and the draw-bridge was reeled close to the jamb of the battlemented doorway.

The castle presented a gruesome gray front and the Knight was so impressed by it that he did not observe the daughter of the seneschal peep through a small garden path beyond the moat.



## Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post office address. T. A. MURPHY, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

## THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.  
Grayson Block, Main Street.  
Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

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Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

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All transient advertisements, such as By-laws, Mortgage and Sheriff Sales, Assignments, and also Government and Corporation notices, inserted once for 12c per line; subsequent insertions 8c—solid nonpareil measurement.

**JOB PRINTING**  
Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first-class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

**The Moose Jaw Times.**  
"And what is writ, is writ."  
Would it were wrothier! —Byron.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1895.

### IMPROVED LEGISLATION NEEDED.

Within the past six months THE TIMES has devoted a good deal of space to discussions of various matters upon which improved Territorial legislation is urgently required, and to which it is earnestly to be desired that the Legislative Assembly, now in session at Regina, may give its best attention. Chief among these are the questions of prairie fires and noxious weeds. The danger of the latter pest has very strongly impressed itself during this season upon a majority of the farming districts in Assiniboia at least; and it is probable that more than one Member of the House may have plans to suggest looking to the extermination of weeds. Regarding prairie fires, it will be well for the Assemblymen to remember that because abundant rains in the present season have safeguarded the country against fires up to this date, is no reason why the useless Ordinance now in force—or lacking force—should not be improved. The provisions of the Ordinance ought to be made stronger—stringent. Experience proves that our magistrates have a weakness, and a liking for the minimum penalty, when their neighbors have broken a provision of this Ordinance. The minimum penalty of \$10.00 thus is no deterrent.

With the prospects in view for dairying as a dominant industry in the Territories, there is strong feeling in some quarters that the Assembly should initiate measures to foster and assist the development of that branch, so closely allied with farming. Whether the Assembly is able with its present doubtful powers and limited spending money, to undertake a practical dairying scheme, is a matter for its own consideration and decision. The Members should at least talk the subject over and see what they knew about it.

We believe that because of the shortness of funds the Executive have found it impossible to attempt this year to consolidate the six books of Ordinances and amendments, which now prove so confusing to the searcher after legislative lore.

Then there is the game—ah, we have exhausted the space at command.

### A NEED OF THE TIMES.

Some one has well said that the tragedy of to-day is not the tragedy of the criminal, but of the incompetent; and not of the absolutely incompetent, but of the relatively incompetent. It is the tragedy of the man who has the best intentions and the best character and a fair equipment for his work, but who has not a thorough equipment, and who cannot do the thing he starts out to do in the best possible way. Society is crowded with half-equipped workers, with men and women who are honest and earnest, and not incapable, but who are not up to the level of the very best work. It is amazing, in view of the immense number of those who are seeking for positions, how few persons there are competent to fill any particular position. To fill a position of any importance requires often most diligent searching in many directions. There is a host of

thoroughly well-equipped people, but there seem to be, at the moment when they are needed, few perfectly equipped persons. When one has a piece of work to be done, it is easy to get it fairly well done, but it is extremely difficult to get it thoroughly well done. This is true of all grades of labor. The really competent men and women who go out for daily work in any community can generally be counted on the fingers of one hand. The rest are partially competent and partially trustworthy. They will come if it suits them, or if the weather is propitious, or if they have nothing else to do, and when they do come they work with a fair degree of skill and industry; but the man or woman who goes despite the weather, and who works with the utmost economy of time and the utmost productiveness, is a very rare person in any locality. If a leading pulpist is vacant, it is astonishing how few persons thoroughly equipped for it can be found at the moment. If a Board of Trustees are looking for the President of a college, among the host of educated men it is amazing how very few names suggest themselves. In spite of the terrible need of work which weighs upon the masses of men, and in spite of the superior processes of education which are offered to the fortunate few, it remains true that society is filled with incapable or only partially trained people, and that when the thoroughly trained man or woman, perfectly fitted to do a specific thing in a superior way, is needed, a candle must be lighted and a long search begun. The great lesson to be read to boys and girls to-day is the need of some kind of absolute competency, some kind of ultimate superiority.

There is assuredly no predominance of lawyers now in the Territorial Assembly. Macleod and North Regina have furnished the only legal gentlemen in the House. It is possible that after the next Dominion elections, Mr. Brown, of North Regina, will be left alone to represent the fraternity of law.

The much speculated question of the Manitobagovernorship is at last settled. The easterner got it. Poor Manitoba! Her wishes seem to cut but little figure at Ottawa these days. They played with her to their heart's content over the Hudson's Bay road; they threaten her with federal coercion in her schools; and they laugh at her prayers about the governorship. After all the latter point is merely a matter of sentiment. A man from Newfoundland would fill the bill quite as well as a prairie wheat farmer. Provincial governors are only for show. They are never allowed to run exhibitions.

A stock argument against putting more stringent restrictions on the traffic in liquor is that the more penalties there are imposed, the more inducement there is offered for breaking the law. For years past in New York City the liquor saloons kept open doors day and night, Monday and Sunday. When it was proposed a few months ago to enforce a Sunday-closing enactment, there was vigorous and determined opposition shown against the movement, under guise of anxiety for the law. The Outlook of Aug. 31st records the triumph of the Sunday-closing movement.

Suddenly the "hopeless" struggle for the enforcement of the New York Sunday excise laws ends in the unconditional surrender of the Liquor-Dealers' Association. The backbone of their resistance was broken when the jury trials before Recorder Goff resulted in convictions and heavy penalties. On Friday of last week, when fifty-nine more excise cases came before the Recorder's Court, the attorney for the Liquor-Dealers' Association pleaded for leniency on the ground that this Association intended hereafter to obey the law, and aid and abet the authorities in enforcing it. When asked what action had been taken looking towards this, the attorney read the resolution unanimously adopted by the Excise Committee of the Association, and certain, he said, to be enforced by the general meeting of the Association called for Tuesday of next week. This resolution read as follows:

"Resolved, That on and after Sunday, September 1st, 1895, all members of the Wine, Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association of New York shall close their places of business on Sunday, and any member of the Association who shall thereafter keep his place of business open, in violation of this

## R. BOGUE.

HATS, CAPS AND READY-MADE CLOTHING AT COST.

## R. BOGUE.

resolution and in violation of the law, shall forfeit all his rights, privileges, and benefits as a member of said Association."

The Recorder asked, "Why the delay until September?" and the attorney replied, "Because a meeting of the Association under its rules could not be called together before the succeeding Sunday." The Recorder thereupon expressed his gratification at the complete change of front, and stated that, in view of it, the general levy of fines would be reduced to fifty dollars. "It is the policy of the law," he said, "to prevent rather than punish crime." He concluded his remarks with the statement that none of the cases on the docket would be postponed, if he had to sit up till midnight to dispose of them all. "There was a buzz in the crowded court-room," says the "Evening Post" report, "and then one after another of the accused men who had come for trial stepped up, pleaded guilty, and paid the \$50 imposed." Thus ended a conflict which, though nominally confined to this city, has been national in its bearing and in its results. President Roosevelt, who seemed to have humbled himself in changing from National Civil Service Commissioner to local Police Commissioner, is exalted to a foremost place in the honor of the law-loving people of the entire Union. If the excise laws can be enforced in New York City with a disgraced police force as the instrumentality for their enforcement, there is no place in the nation where they can not be enforced, if public officers care to perform their sworn duties, and professedly moral citizens care to have the laws enforced.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

[The TIMES does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications written on both sides of the paper are promptly committed to the waste basket. The name of the correspondent must in all cases accompany the letter, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.]

### Left to Rot.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—While passing through the Dirt Hills on the Watson trail last week, I noticed quite a number of hay sloughs had been cut and cocked and apparently left to rot. Bring on horse back, and of an inquisitive nature, I rode around the Hills for a couple of miles, and found the same state of affairs in nearly every slough. Now, sir, the party or parties who cut those sloughs must have considerable of that animal nature we call the hog, for no sane man would try to handle so much hay, especially in so catchy weather as we had this summer. It must have been cut early as the second growth is quite six inches high. Now, sir, apart from destroying so much hay this season it is leaving the sloughs unfit to cut for some years to come, and if they continue cutting those sloughs from year to year before the hay is matured they will be destroyed for haying purposes altogether, and where they now cut from four to six tons per acre there will be nothing but a bed of weeds.

I believe there is a law forbidding hay to be cut before the twenty-fifth of July, but I suppose it is like the weed law, there is no one to enforce it. Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain, Yours truly,

BORLARM FARMER

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, Flour & Feed, Wheat, Tinware, Paints & Oils.

### Either Married or Widows.

There are sixty banks in the United States where women are employed, and, curiously enough, out of the whole number all, save one, are either married or widows. Another curious feature of this employment is that no two women are found in any one bank, and no two banks where women hold positions of any kind are located in the same city or town. The posts filled range from bank trustees, presidents, vice-presidents, to cashiers and assistant cashiers.

The man who penned the following knew just exactly what he was writing about: "A newspaper is always printed in a rush. There is always something left out that should be left out, something left out that should have been put in. It is sometimes too quick to act, but with all its faults and shortcomings there is more education in a bright newsy paper, than there is in a novel. You will find the brightest boy on practical, sensible every day questions, is the boy who reads the newspapers."

### Ask your Druggist for



**Murray & Lanman's**  
FLORIDA WATER  
A Dainty Floral Extract  
For Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

### Fruit! Fruit!

House-keepers, hold your orders as I have made arrangements with one of the largest fruit growers in B. C. to supply me with all kinds of fruit for preserving and other purposes. I buy and pay cash to the growers and save commission men's profit, and I mean to and will sell cheaper than any one in town.

### THOS. HEALEY.

**JOHN BELLAMY**  
DEALER IN  
Baby Carriages, Furniture, Window Shades, Picture Frames, Undertaking Supplies.

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ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public.

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### Fall and Winter Goods

JUST ARRIVED.

Heavy Suits, Trousers, Overcoats, Pea Jackets

always on hand and prices right for Cash and CASH ONLY.

FIT AND FINISH GUARANTEED.

R. L. Slater, Merchant Tailor.

## PHOENIX SHAVING PARLOR.

FOR FIRST CLASS

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GO TO

H. W. Carter, COR. MAIN & RIVER STS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Choice brands of Imported and Domestic Cigars and Cigarettes always on hand.

## WOOL.

KINNAIRD, SHAW & CO.

Midnapore Mills.

CALGARY, - N.W.T.,

Are prepared to give a fair price for wool delivered at Midnapore Siding on the Calgary & Edmonton railway in exchange for Blankets, Flannels, Tweeds and Yarns, all manufactured of pure fresh wool, and free from shoddy or admixture of any kind, at fair current prices.

These goods are similar to home spun, and of good wearing quality.

Blankets, any color or size, \$5 to \$8 a pair. Tweed, from 60c. to \$1.50 a yard. Flannels, from 20c. to 50c. Shirts, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Suits and Drawers, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Suits to measure, \$10 to \$15.

Samples or instructions for self measurement sent on application.

## NEW TAILOR! NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES!

HAVING purchased Mr. J. Melhuish's business I would take this means to make known to the people of Moose Jaw and vicinity, that, having eleven years experience with some of the best houses in the east, I am confident of giving satisfaction in every respect as to fit, finish, style and price. Can furnish first class recommendations.

Having remodelled the entire shop and placed in stock a beautiful range of Canadian tweed, Fox's and Canadian serge, West of England, Scotch, Fancy and Black Worsted Suits, Tweed, Fancy and Black, Stripe, and West of England Pantings. Overcoatings for fall and spring in fawns, browns, slates, blues and blacks; also expect a consignment of heavy winter goods to arrive shortly. Above lines we carry in both Canadian and Imported goods, also keep on hand a good stock of linings and trimmings.

Cleaning and repairing done for customers at moderate charges. I have a competition that will remove black oil from the finest materials. Would invite the public to inspect my stock before purchasing, as we guarantee satisfaction to every customer. A call solicited.

W. M. MITCHELL

P.S.—I make a specialty of frock and evening suits.

## YOU CAN'T GO TO SLEEP IN CHURCH IF YOU'VE GOT A BAD COUGH.



A quick Pleasant Cure for an obstinate Cough, Cold, Hoarseness or Bronchitis.

**DYNY PECTORAL**  
Big Bottle 25c

## OYSTERS IN BULK.

Prepared to suit the most fastidious. Cooked to please every customer—in every known style and form.

HARRY HEALEY, THE CONFECTIONER.

## Ottawa Hotel.

Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accommodation for the travelling public.

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

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Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

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First-Class Livery Rigs.

Best accommodation for the travelling public.

Draying to all parts of the town.

Premises ..... High Street.

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## OCEAN STEAMSHIPS ROYAL MAIL LINES.

The Cheapest and Quickest ROUTE

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SAILING DATES.

FROM MONTREAL.  
Mongolian—Allan Line..... Sept. 7  
Numidian—Allan Line..... Sept. 14  
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Vancouver—Dominion Line..... Sept. 21  
Lake Ontario—Beaver Line..... Sept. 11  
Lake Huron—Beaver Line..... Sept. 25

FROM NEW YORK  
Britannic—White Star Line..... Sept. 11  
Majestic—White Star Line..... Sept. 18  
New York—American Line..... Sept. 11  
Paris—American Line..... Sept. 18  
State of Nebraska..... Sept. 14  
State of California..... Sept. 25  
Friesland—Red Star Line..... Sept. 11  
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Cabin, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80. Intermediate, \$25 to \$35. Steerage \$16 and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

J. K. STEVENSON, Agent, Moose Jaw.  
Or to ROBERT KERN, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.



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Calable medicine and bottle of medicine sent Free to any  
doctor, nurse, hospital and Post Office address. H. G.  
Cure, 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

### Church Directory.

#### BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sund. Sunday School—J. E. Bartlett.  
Services: Prayer meeting every Thurs-  
day evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday School  
every Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

#### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. Wm. Hodnett.  
Services: Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.;  
Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Monday, Y.P.S.  
C.E. at 8; Thursday, Prayer Meeting, 8.  
Everybody welcome.

#### METHODIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. T. Ferrier.  
Services: Sunday 11 a.m., preaching 11  
a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.;  
E. L. C. E. Sunday evening at 8 p.m.;  
Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8  
o'clock.  
The public are cordially invited. All  
seats free.

#### CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Incumbent—Rev. Wm. Watson.  
Sunday Services: Matins at 11 o'clock;  
Holy Eucharist monthly; Sunday School  
at 10:30; Adult Bible Class at 7:30; Evening at 7:30  
(short practice afterwards); Matins daily at  
8:30; Evening 7:30. Holy Baptism at any  
service.  
All seats free and unappropriated.

### Fly Poison.

An effective fly poison, which has  
the merit of being poisonous only to  
flies, is made of a yolk of an egg beat-  
up with a teaspoonful each of  
ground black pepper and molasses. It  
should be poured in shallow plates and  
set about. This is a simple process to  
catch the few flies that slip into a  
house before the screens are put up.

### Cattle for the North-West.

Mr Geo. Lane of Willow Creek,  
Calgary, has purchased a thousand  
head of young cattle, with which to  
stock the N. W. ranches. The half of  
this number arrived on Monday at the  
Winnipeg C.P.R. stockyard. These  
animals have been bred in Ontario  
and are hardy cattle, just what are  
wanted for the North West Territories.  
—Nor. West.

### It Can't Be Beat.

Vice President Stevenson, in an in-  
terview with a Vancouver paper on his  
return from Alaska, said: "I had a  
very enjoyable journey over the C.P.R.  
It is a splendid road and the accom-  
modation seems to be perfect. I think  
there is no finer scenery in this world  
than that which can be seen on this  
road. I have also very greatly en-  
joyed the trip to Alaska, and I am now  
returning to my home in Illinois. The  
wonderful beauty of the scenery both  
on the C.P.R. and in Alaska cannot  
be described in an interview, or even  
in a book. It must be actually seen  
to be properly appreciated."

### Autumn Announcement.

In the September number of the  
Delineator, which is called the autumn  
announcement number, the display of  
fashions for the coming season is ex-  
ceptionally large, and the styles are  
handsome enough to suit the most  
exact taste. The issue is also notable  
for the variety and quality of its read-  
ing matter. Mrs. Pryor's articles on  
the Social Code continue, and this  
month The Delineator is considered in  
a most interesting way. Any Rayson,  
a famous graduate of Girton college,  
writes of a girl's life there and at  
Newham, the two best English col-  
leges for women; Edith M. Thomas,  
in connection with Dr. S. R. Elliott,  
talks of woman as a writer, and Mary  
Schuck Woodman practically treats of  
plain needlework as an employment.  
Mrs. Sara Miller Kirby continues her  
valuable series on Kindergarten work  
and Harriet Keith Forbes gives further  
instructions in Burnt Decoration. The  
Household Departments are well re-  
presented in the choosing and prepara-  
tion of meats, seasonable cookery, the  
housekeeper, and preservation and  
renovation. Instruction and entertain-  
ment are provided in Around the Tea-  
table, and some novel amusements, and  
the newest books are reviewed. In  
knitting, netting, tatting and croch-  
eting new designs are illustrated, with  
descriptions for making. Subscription  
price of the Delineator, \$1.00 per year  
or 15c. per single copy. Address all  
communications to the Delineator  
Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 33  
Richmond St. west, Toronto, Ont.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—  
One short puff of the breath through the  
Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr.  
Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this  
Powder over the surface of the nasal pas-  
sages. Painless and delightful to use, it  
relieves instantly, and permanently cures  
Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore  
Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents.  
Sold by W. W. Bole.

Relief in Six Hours.—Dressing Kidney  
and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours  
by the "GREAT NORTH AMERICAN KIDNEY  
CURE." This new remedy is a great sur-  
prise and delight on account of its exceeding  
promptness in relieving pain in the bladder,  
kidneys, back and every part of the urinary  
passages in male or female. It relieves re-  
tention of water and pain in passing it  
almost immediately. If you want quick  
relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by  
W. W. Bole Druggist.

## SENT TO COVENTRY.

BY JOHN SNELL.

Specialty written for THE TIMES.

### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

When the hour for the military  
parade or drill came, and carefully  
screened from view he watched the face  
he had loved so long and well, he could  
hardly wait until the drill was over.  
Would the maneuvers never end? At  
length the drill was over, and Mr.  
Gordon rushed forward to greet his  
son. Dick Ford and a few others were  
watching the scene, believing that the  
rustic looking old man was Julian's  
father.

"Julian, my boy," said the old man,  
not loudly, but with a joyful yearning  
expectancy which those standing near  
heard and felt. As Mr. Gordon stood  
conspicuously out, the breeze moving  
his iron-gray hair which was worn long,  
much too long for the fashion; the sun  
lighting up the strong loving face; his  
boots clean but unblackened, Julian felt  
all the cowardice of his weak nature.  
As he looked around, he noted the  
glances of his comrades who were  
watching the scene. His decision was  
taken in a moment. Ignoring the out-  
stretched hand, regardless of the joyous  
greeting, he drew himself up, and in a  
tone of feigned surprise said, "Who are  
you? How dare you approach me?"

The old gentleman's hand dropped as  
though pierced by a pistol shot. Then  
he moved nearer his son. "Surely,  
Julian, you know your father? I suppose  
I changed so much as that? I suppose  
I have got older looking, and the sun  
has kinder blinded your eyes, but it's  
all right my boy," and again he held  
out his hand, that honest hand that  
had never been party to a mean act,  
and had worked so hard for the boy  
standing in front of his grand old  
father, the son who dared spurn the  
hand outstretched to greet him. Slowly  
an indeliberately came the response from  
Julian.

"You are mistaken, I never saw you  
before," said Julian coldly. For  
the first time Mr. Gordon realized the  
truth. His boy was ashamed of him,  
the boy he had cherished, who had  
been the whole world to him,—had  
been? Yes, and God help him, still  
was. He turned away the impress of  
a broken heart written on his face.  
Even Julian felt a passing quiver of  
conscience as he saw the expression,  
and saying to the comrade standing  
nearest, "Poor old fellow, he is evi-  
dently crazy. I will speak to him,"  
hurried to his father's side. "Go home,  
and I will come to you after dark.  
Where are you staying and what  
possession you to make a scene here?"  
he said in a low tone to the old man.  
Mr. Gordon did not answer, he only  
looked once in the face of his boy, but  
Julian carried the remembrance of that  
look until the end of his life.

The following morning Mr. Gordon  
went home. Before he left he had  
counted a cheque for \$500 to Julian; he  
could not wait, for his heart was too  
sore. At the station, as he stood  
waiting for the train, a young man  
came up to him and held out his hand.  
"Will you let me say good bye to you,  
sir, and wish you a safe trip home?"  
Mr. Gordon took his hand and asked  
"Who are you sir? I do not remem-  
ber you."

"I was your son's friend, and saw  
you yesterday after parade when you  
met your son. I think Julian will be  
sorry; indeed, I wish you were my  
father, he died before my remembrance,"  
said honest Dick Ford, earnestly.

"I wish I were," was on the tongue  
of Mr. Gordon, and then he felt that  
to say it would be an admission un-  
favorable to his son, and said,  
"Come and see me, and I will do  
my best to make your visit pleasant,  
and Belinda is always ready to have  
visitors," said Mr. Gordon, touched by  
the stranger's attention to a man in  
trouble.

He told him where he lived, and  
Dick gave Mr. Gordon his card and  
promised to go to Newry, and waited  
by the old gentleman's side until the  
train arrived, went into the car and  
found a pleasant seat for him, carried  
the old carpet valise in, and soothed  
the old man by these kind attentions  
more than he knew.

Some way the story crept out of  
Julian's treatment of his father, and  
from that time Julian Gordon was  
"sent to Coventry."

If Julian asked a comrade a question  
it was answered with perfect civility,  
that was all. If he had been on a  
deserted island, he would not have  
been more utterly alone; his com-  
panions simply ignored him. Two  
months of such treatment was enough,  
and he left.

Mr. Gordon went back to his forge  
and farm. He told his sister that he  
left Julian well, and he would not  
come home for a long time; that was  
all. The sensible aunt knew there  
was a mystery behind, but had too  
much love for both brother and nephew  
to seek to discover what they chose to  
hide.

Two years later, one chilly morning,  
Mr. Gordon was working at his forge,  
when a stalwart, commonly dressed  
young man entered the shop and drew  
near the forge.

"Father, forgive me and let me help  
you in the shop. I will help you at  
any work, only let me stay with you."

It was Julian come back in coarse  
clothing and with hands hardened by  
labor. He had learned his lesson.

"All right my boy, you just blow up  
the fire while I run over to the house  
to tell yer aunt you're home, so's she  
can cook a bit more dinner," and  
Joshua Gordon went to his house and  
room, and thanked God that his boy  
had been brought by a way he knew  
not of, back to the old home, back to  
honest labor. He, too, had learned his  
lesson.

Belinda asked no questions, but the  
welcome she gave Julian proved that  
if she did not credit him with great  
ability, she loved her boy well enough  
to take him at his proper valuation.

"So you're goin' to let Julian marry  
Mary Dean, arter all?"

"Yes, Belinda, she's got a good lot  
of good hoss sense, an' I b'lieve she'll  
help him rise. Taint right for him,  
with his education, ter spend his  
whole life shoeing hosses," said Mr.  
Gordon.

"Guess I'll have a chance now ter  
go an' see Dick Ford's mother. She  
asked me ter come this summer, an'  
they are comin' for the wedding an' I'll  
go back with 'em. I'll kinder  
give Mary an' Julie a chance ter git  
used to each other, an' Mary ter git  
the ways of the house, an' they'll both  
feel more nat'ral ter have me out of the  
way. Mary says as how they aint  
goin' on no bridal tour, cause Julian  
has all that 'ere town business ter look  
arter, an' then they is goin' ter be a  
new 'lection for the Legislator this  
year, an' she thinks Julian will run,  
an' if they go givin' in off some body  
else may step in. I tell you, Joshua  
Gordon, she knows what's what."

All this happened years ago, and  
Mrs. Gordon has fully realized the  
expectations of her friends. If Mary  
Dean was a common place girl, Mary  
Gordon is an uncommon woman, and  
Joshua Gordon, Junior, combines the  
best characteristics of both parents.

"Now, he'll take an education all  
right, an' it won't hurt him," was the  
decision of aunt Belinda, who at eighty  
is still active, and Mrs. Gordon, often  
declares, her "mainstay."

Joshua Gordon has long slept by the  
side of the wife who left his side in  
the first bloom of her married life. He  
lived to see his son "in the Legislature"  
and respected by all his fellow-town-  
men.

The morning Julian's son left home  
to enter college, his father had a long  
private talk with him, and told for the  
first and last time how his comrades  
"sent him to Coventry."

### Boharm.

BOHARM, Aug. 22.—There seems to be quite a  
rival between the milk haulers as to who will  
beat the crookedest deal.

Mr. West, foreman of C.P.R. garden, Moose  
Jaw, accused the milk haulers of being  
crooked.

Mr. Hopkins of Brownville, Ont., is visiting  
his son, Mr. E. N. Hopkins, of this place. Mr.  
Hopkins reports times somewhat hard in  
Ontario owing to light the crops caused by frost  
and drought.

Black current picking seems to be the order  
of the day just now.

The Laird thinks he will be able to find where  
his little pile went, as Boharm's detective is  
now at home. Be careful, boys. Don't say any-  
thing about Dick and Andy.

Quite a number of farm laborers are wanted  
in this district to assist in taking off the crop.  
RAMBLER.

### Mosconsin.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)  
MOSCONIN, S. P. 2, 1895.—On the 26th of  
last month a race for \$100.00 a side was run  
at Cammington between Covey's Andy  
B. and Mr. Forbes' Tommie, and resulted in  
Andy B. taking the money.

Harvest is advancing rapidly and the two  
nights frost has done but very little damage.  
So far prices for the wheat in the fall will  
be 45 to 50 cents per bushel, judging by the  
present indications.

Potatoes are selling cheap for cash. 25  
cents per bushel is the highest price paid.

A number of excursions from the east  
added to out numbers lately.

The present climate is delightful and  
better harvesting weather could not be wish-  
ed for.

### You Don't Have to Swear Off

says The St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in  
an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous  
tobacco habit cure. "We know of many  
cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent  
St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for  
twenty years; two boxes cured him so that  
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No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by W. W.  
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action upon the system is remarkable and  
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PALMO-TAR SOAP  
KNOW THAT IT  
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BEST BABY SOAP  
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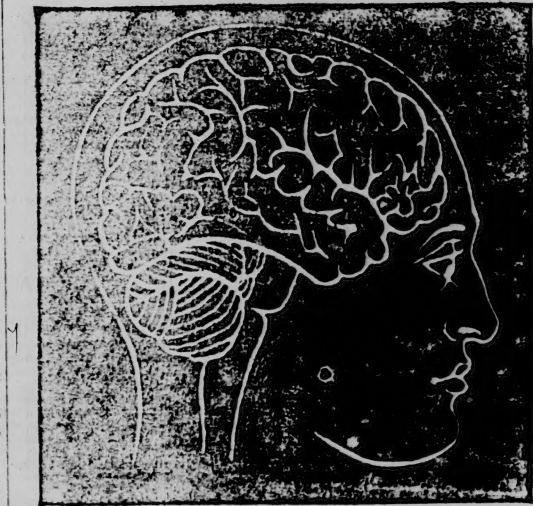
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DOSE.—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient.)

Mysteries of the  
HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scienti-  
fic world is that nerve centres located  
in or near the base of the brain con-  
trol all the organs of the body, and  
when these nerve centres are  
deranged the organs which they  
supply with nerve fluid, or nerve  
force, are also deranged. When it  
is remembered that a serious injury  
to the spinal cord will cause paralysis  
of the body below the injured point,  
because the nerve force is prevented  
by the injury from reaching the par-  
alyzed portion, it will be understood  
how the derangement of the nerve  
centres will cause the derangement  
of the various organs which they  
supply with nerve force; that is, when  
a nerve centre is deranged or in any  
way diseased it is impossible for it  
to supply the same quantity of nerve  
force as when in a healthful condi-  
tion; hence the organs which depend  
upon it for nerve force suffer, and are  
unable to properly perform their  
work, and as a result disease makes  
its appearance.

At least two-thirds of our chronic  
diseases and ailments are due to the  
imperfect action of the nerve centres  
at the base of the brain, and not from  
a derangement primarily originating  
in the organ itself. The great mis-  
take of physicians in treating these  
diseases is that they treat the organs

as I not the nerve centres, which are  
the cause of the trouble.

The wonderful cures wrought by  
the Great South American Nervine  
Tonic are due alone to the fact that  
this remedy is based upon the for-  
going principle. It cures by rebuild-  
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Troubles, because it acts through the  
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and absolutely effects a permanent  
cure in every instance. Do not  
allow your prejudices, or the pre-  
judices of others, to keep you from  
using this health-giving remedy. It  
is based on the result of years of  
scientific research and study. A  
single bottle will convince the most  
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## LOVE IS BEST.

It was growing dusk in the drawing-room, but the lamps were not yet lighted, and the young women in the picturesque gowns clustered around the little table as closely as their huge sleeves and illimitable skirts allowed, and sipped their Assam-Pekoe between the bursts of confidence proper to the half hour. They had discussed the reigning tenor, touched delicately on the last scandal, and were now busy with Jack Rodney's name and money. Alas! he had no money. A decision of the Court had given him a great inheritance to another heir, and then he had gone into Wall street and been caught on the wrong side of the market.

"I can't picture it," said Sally Littlejohn, balancing her little gold spoon. "What will become of him? The spoiled darling! Why, he will have to go to work!"

"Work!" said Julia Montessoro. "With those aristocratic hands! What sort of work?"

"Poor Jack!" said Arabella. "He wouldn't know himself out of his habits. How is he to go without his horses, his club, the opera, his London society?"

"I don't believe he will try to," said Felicia. "Why, what will he do?"

"The only thing he can do—stop living." "Oh, Bab! How horrid of you! Jack Rodney, the dear, splendid fellow! He never seemed to care about money."

"No, indeed, I suppose he has dropped a note's fortune in cards before this."

"Why, Bab! With the poor fellow, in such a strait! He only does what all the other men do."

"And he does a great deal they don't do," said Arabella. "Every one else was letting Will do Lusa reap what he sowed, but Jack made good all the misappropriation—just that the new term—and gave Will a fresh start. And if it was Jack's yacht that went cruising up the Mediterranean and had princes on board for guests it was his steamer that took those children from Seven Alleys down the harbor every afternoon during the hot summer—"

"You always had a special talent for turning a telescope on microscopic subjects," said Bab.

"No, thanks, I can't drink another drop of your tea, Felicia, though I declare it does put the spirit in you," said Julia. "Well, just one cup—lemon-yes," said Felicia, as she poured the tea.

"What a perfectly lovely cup!" said Julia. "Do you know that one of Dolly Van Ven's engagement cups was a tiny thing of gold, crusted with peridot?"

"No!"

"And who do you think gave it to her? Well, Jack Rodney. And she cut him dead last week."

"She ought to," said Felicia, "for doing such an utterly silly thing."

"I suppose he paid for it," said Bab. "Well, deliver me from my friends," said Arabella.

"And that reminds me," said Sally, "apropos of nothing. Do you know that no one can imagine what has become of Lena Valory's black pearls?"

"Apropos of nothing, Lena hasn't any friends," said Bab.

"You mean," said Julia, "that every one can imagine. Isn't it too bad?"

"Well, Mrs. Harry said to her the other night at the opera—you know there is nothing Mrs. Harry doesn't dare—"

"See that string of pearls on Violetta's throat. Shouldn't you think they were yours, if you were looked up at home?"

"Oh, she didn't do anything just then. But a little while afterward she fainted or something."

"The poor child."

"Well," said Bab, "it can give her another string now. Valory is one of the cousins that came into Jack Rodney's money. He's had blood, anyway."

"How prejudiced you are, Bab! Where is Jack? Does any one know?" said Sally.

"Going to the West, ranching. He has cleared up everything and starts at once, some one said. He'd like it if it were the poor fellow."

"Oh, it is really getting dark," exclaimed Arabella, as the great stole gently about the room, and the maid stole flared up like moons dressed in the fashion. And she pulled up her emerald cape. "We must be going. Why, Felicia, how white you are! I should think you were ready to faint yourself!"

"The sudden light," murmured Felicia. And then she saw herself in the glass, and passed her hand quickly over the shining olive eyes that glittered there for a little moment like points of steel.

Years afterward Felicia had only to make that motion with her hand across her eyes to call up the whole scene—the lovely, lofty room, with its old Gobelin hangings, the great mirrors framed in alabaster, the moonlight, the high vases heaped with red roses, the lounges heaped with silken cushions of Dresden and silver, the beautiful girls getting into their princely trunks, talking scandal like dowagers, her sister Bab's face with the scarlet on both cheeks, and her own, white and angry, in the glass, as the marble Diana behind her. It was while the last dinner guests that night were still saying tender nothings to Bab, as she leaned against the mantel and the low firelight played on the satin sheen of her white gown till she looked as if taking life from a flame-tinted jewel, that a slender shape slipped swiftly down the steps and passed along in the shadow of the houses like a shadow herself. The girl had never been in the street at night before without attendance; every sound frightened her, she shrank even behind her veil from every passerby. As soon as she had turned the corner she brought into plainer sight the large parcel she carried, that she might pass the more readily as a maid. A half hour's rapid walk and she ran up some steps to make sure of a number, rang the doorbell, said something explanatory to the man that answered it, passed in, and followed him to the door of a room up one flight of the broad, low stairway there.

The room was in confusion. A leather box and a portmanteau lay packed and strapped by the door. There were empty and discolored spaces on the walls where pictures had hung, brackets had held their busts and great cases and cabinets had stood. It was plain to see in its dismantled state that it had lately been a place of luxury.

A man sat there, with his head bowed upon his arms as they lay along the table, in an attitude of utter dejection. He did not look up when the door opened and

closed. But the girl crossed the room quickly, and standing behind him stooped with her arm laid across his shoulder. He lifted his head, looking straight before him. "I suppose it is a dream," he said, half to himself. "If you are a dream—"

"I am not a dream, Jack," she said, bending lower, her soft cold cheek touching his. "I am Felicia."

There was silence in Haven for the space of half an hour. For one moment there was silence and nature bent. And then the transfer men came for the luggage. "And this parcel, too," said Felicia.

"Felicia!" he exclaimed. "This parcel," she repeated. "You know I can't go back after coming here. I have turned my ships behind me."

"Do you mean it?" he exclaimed joyously. And then his tone fell. "I thought—oh, yes; certainly I must take you home before my train leaves."

"You will take me home? My home is with you, Jack."

"You don't know what you say!" he answered her. "Oh, no; I can't accept the sacrifice!" the eager gleam of his eyes belied his words.

"Jack," she murmured, "the sacrifice would be mine, not yours. You know I loved you! And then this crash came—and there was nothing for me to say—to you, who have lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life. I was part of the husks!"

"Yes, I knew it, or I could not have come," she replied, and she moved away from him, going about the room, and passing in the curtainless window place, where the moonlight lay upon her, pale and impassioned.

"Don't make it so hard for me!" he exclaimed. "An hour ago it was blackness of despair. I was going to bury myself in that ranch with its bunch of cattle, the one thing left me, as if it were a grave. Now I shall go out into that little light radiance with this happy knowledge and my hope, and even if I should never prosper enough to come for you," he said, after a moment, taking a step toward her, "if you should weary in the long waiting and give some other man the love I have won—well, I could bear it, perhaps, remembering and living again in this night's joy."

"Some other man!" she exclaimed, undressing his arms and looking for the hat and jacket that had been thrown aside. "I am going with you, Jack. If you can live summer and winter in a tent in Texas I can, too. I have the five clothes in this parcel, I have my jewels here. They were my mother's, and are mine, and I have the right to take them, and their price will hinder my being a burden."

"A burden! Oh, Felicia, if I might, if I dared—"

"You will have to," said Felicia, calmly. "The Church of Blessing is round the corner, and the rector is my friend. Jack you made me propose to you. I shouldn't think you would make me ask you to marry me."

Standing there in the moonlight, adjusting her disordered hair, she was too beautiful, too sweet and tender for mortal man to resist. "The train leaves at midnight," he said, controlling his voice as he said. "There is, I think, time, Oh, my darling, if you should regret—if you should repent—if I, Oh, you must, you will!"

"Never!" said Felicia. And then, lip to lip and heart to heart, they lingered one moment before they went out together. It was a year afterward, on a moonlight night in the refulgent moonlight of the high prairie, after a day of heat, tempered by the great breeze blowing over 300 miles of flowers.

"Are you sorry I came?" she said. "Are you?"

"Do you know, it seems to me precisely as if we were living on an outcrop of the Holy Land, with flocks and herds, and the fig and the pomegranate and the tender grape giving a good smell!" she said.

"Precisely," said Jack. And the flocks and herds are prospering so that we shall have to take counsel of the prophet. Wasn't it Isaiah that said: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt live in a tent over the range, yonder for a dozen years. But we may build our house next year, I fancy."

"With roses lying on the low roof and a night-blooming cereus clambering across the gallery, like some of the houses in the old Spanish town there. I don't know, but I like this better, though—the lovely freedom of it. Oh, we never lived before!"

"Are you sure you never regret?" he asked.

"Regret! Well, I confess I should like to have heard Bab read our marriage notice at breakfast—and Bab so bitter the day before for fear of it! But regret those days of littleness and idleness and gossip, the confining clothes, the cramping life!"

And the large white lamp-lit room, sumptuous with mirrors and carvings and glowing with bronze and paintings with priceless rugs and lounges, with its voluptuous roses and great vases, hung for a moment before her like the room you see painted through a window in the dark.

She saw the young and lovely woman, heard her voice, heard her heart, heard her stepmother's low laugh and Bab's shriller tone. And then she looked around her, at the sky flooded with splendor, at the vast softly dark slumbering land before her, felt the premonition of the love that was hers, and she seemed to feel that a butterfly creeping back into its chrysalis. "I—I miss my father," she said, and her lip quivered. But her husband's arm clasped her, and the pressure of his own lips quieted the sob. "But even," she said presently, "if he never forgives us, or comes to see us, and if poor Bab should never come down here and learn what it is to live, I shall be sure, my dear, that love is best!"

## Hairy Wild Men of Maine.

Four curious specimens of humanity have been combined in Norridgewock jail, Maine, accused of sheep stealing. They were arrested in Brighton. They belong to a gang of about forty persons who have no homes, but who have lived until recently near the Canadian line, like wild beasts in the summer and in caves during the winter. They wear little or no clothing, and their backs, which have been long exposed to the sun and weather, are covered with a growth of hair fully three inches long. It is hard to make sense out of their conversation, although they have learned to swear so they are understood. One of the men, a giant in form, is an idiot. His sides are full of small holes made by a bad in the end of a stick, when he has been yoked to a cart.

The day they were placed in jail they had a fight among themselves, and tore all the clothing off each other's bodies. Police are after others of the tribe of wild men.

## A GREAT ACTOR HONORED.

### HENRY IRVING'S KNIGHTHOOD WILL RAISE THE PROFESSION.

He Bears the New Distinction with Modesty—Something About the Home Life and Surroundings of the Celebrated Man and Famous Artist.

Henry Irving, the first English actor, has entered the lists as a knight. The modern ceremony is very simple compared with the old days. The fortunate knight to be is presented at court in the regulation court costume; he kneels before Queen Victoria, who places a drawn sword, usually the sword of state, upon either of his shoulders and then says, "Rise," calling him by his Christian name with "Sir" before it.

The knight of Henry Irving seems to raise the dramatic profession a good many rounds on the ladder of social distinction. Heretofore actors have played before the Queen and court and have been good friends with the Prince of Wales and his set, but the line has been drawn very rigidly at their being presented at court.

It has been said that the conviction that the social barrier, once broken down, would be of lasting good to his profession influenced Irving more than any other consideration.

IRVING'S LOVE OF SHAKESPEARE.

The great actor is thoroughly in accord with the art spirit, thoughts and customs of this end-of-the-century time, but he is, above and beyond all, an actor and an artist. His great house, Grafton street, in the West End of London, shows plainly that but for the same to him in the quiet of his home as behind the footlights.

Everywhere are souvenirs and mementoes of the great lights of the English drama. In a book case in the beautifully furnished drawing-room there are thirty or more different editions of Shakespeare.

Some are editions de luxe, some remarkably early ones. One bound in red leather would be a great bargain at £2,500; while another was the third edition of the playwright's, and was once owned by the Duke of Bedford.

HAS MANY VALUABLE RELICS.

There are mementoes of the great actors, Macready, Edmund Kean, Garrick, Forrest, Siddons, and all through the long list. The magnificent collection of souvenirs of great actors have nearly all a double value from the famous donors of the much-prized gifts.

There is a little green hat, purchased while he was found empty in Edmund Kean's pocket after he died, and given by Robert Browning to Irving. A ring was presented by the Baroness Burdett-Goutts which David Garrick used to wear; there were two watches, one of which belonged to Kemble and the other, of solid silver, whose hands stand at twenty-two minutes of six, the very moment when the old actor, Forrest, died. Among the cherished relics of Kean are the russet leather boots he wore in "Richard III," and the broad, heavy sword he carried in "Cymbeline."

The long, slender, fascinating face of Ellen Terry, the actress, whose name and face have been associated so long with Irving, looks down upon all of these treasures from a marble bust shrouded in one corner of the room.

A MEMENTO OF MRS. WIDDOES.

In the luxurious living room in the place of honor, hangs a picture of the "Shoulder of Mutton Inn" at Brecon, New South Wales. This was the birthplace of the great tragedienne, Sarah Siddons. On the wall opposite hangs a striking likeness of the gifted woman, and a framed autograph letter from her, written to the dramatist of the old-fashioned, microscopic feminine microphotography.

There are books and paintings and bronzes all over the house, arranged in the most artistic manner. A judicious space along the staircase on comes upon the chosen bits of bronze or the most exquisite paintings. The scholar and the student are suggested in the choice bits of china, quaint old pieces of silver, the curious and gracefully carved furniture with its coverings of old Spanish leather arranged so carefully but so effectively in the smoking room and the study.

Just over the door of the study is perched a stately raven, but, unlike Poe's famous bird, it never creaked, and has been a bird of good omen since it came, since it has brought success and prosperity has come or is likely to come to Sir Henry Irving.

Irving takes his titled honors modestly. He has told all his old friends that they would confer a favor by continuing to address him as Sir Henry, since such a title is necessary to reduce to liquid condition.

Here's a simple formula that will purify ordinary water, especially in reservoirs and filtering basins. The preparation is composed of calcium permanganate, 1 part; aluminum sulphate, 10 parts; fine clay, 30 parts. These are thoroughly mixed and one part is added to the best of fire water, it is necessary to add about 10,000 parts of water. It is said that even sewer drainage is almost completely purified by this mixture. It precipitates all of the impurities and living organisms, and the clear portion may be drawn off and used with perfect safety. This is a simple and sure way of great value, where malarial conditions prevail in water.

Good washing fluids are aside in the laundry work. There can be no doubt that the all night soak greatly lessens the labor of rubbing.

Wonders of Science.

Platinum wires made white-hot by electric currents are now used as saws for felling trees.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that the average people ought to live that long if they take proper care of themselves.

A German chemist has found a way of preserving the colors of dried flowers, even of delicate poppies. Flowers lose their tints in drying through ammonia in the air. The inventor presses his specimens between sheets of paper which have previously been saturated with a solution of 1 per cent of oxalic acid in water.

The French industry of icing milk is an original departure in tinned commodities. The milk is frozen and placed in block forms in tins, and on the part of the purchaser requires to be melted previous to use. Being hermetically sealed, the commodity thus preserved its form until it is required, when a minute's exposure to the sun's rays or to the heat of fire will melt it, and it is ready for use.

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## THE DEAD WIFE.

The hour set for the funeral had come. The hearse, with its black plumes, stood at the farm house door. It seemed a strange and foreign thing among the bright-colored hollyhocks, the commonplace sunshines, the lowing of cows in the barnyard, and the chickens that moved about upon the green lawn before the house. The wagons of the neighboring farmers filled the road, for the Garratts were much respected.

Mrs. Garrett who had just died, was a "home body" and saw but little of her neighbors, but her husband had grown well-to-do by great industry and close saving, and had pushed his children on in the world.

John, his only son, had been to college and the girls to boarding-school, and they were so improved that they seemed to belong to quite another class from their mother.

They stood with their father at the coffin to look for the last time at the woman who lay there.

"Our mother was a pretty woman when she was young," the farmer had said. It had startled him to see how thin and withered her face was under the white hair.

"Sarah's only fifty," he continued. "She hadn't a word to say to me." He had not thought of her looks when she was alive.

There was a certain silent resentment under his grief that she was dead. How was he to do without her? She was a master hand at cooking, butter-making, laundry and sewing. He had never thought to ask her if she needed help. She had never complained, and to complete her work she had risen at four and had gone to bed late at night. Things always ran smoothly. She never spoke of being ill. It stunned him when she took this cold and sank under it in two days. The doctor said that all her strength was gone.

"Sarah had the strength of ten women," the husband said. "Where had it gone?" He was amazed and ignorant. Was this the justice of God, to take away so young a woman so useful in the world? It was not right!

Her daughter sobbed vehemently. Mother had always been so tender! She did so much for them! They did not, it is true, feel well acquainted with her since they had grown up. But between their music and their studies, and their young companions, and other social occupations, their lives had been filled! They smoothed the folds of her merino gown, a little ashamed that the neighbors should see that she had no milk dress. She had insisted that each of them should have a silk gown, and had helped to make them.

Jack, the son, like his father, was shocked to see how tired and worn his mother looked. He had talked for a year or two of taking her for a week to New York. She had never seen a great city. But he always had some engagement. He remembered now that she had made enough in the dairy to keep him in spending money at college. He wished he had contrived that holiday for her! They all felt now how good and unselfish she had been, and how dear to them.

"Why should she be taken from us?" the old man moaned, bitterly. "It is cruel. Why has God done this thing?"

And the dead woman lying there, her lips closed forever, could make no answer save that which toil had stamped upon the thin, worn face that seemed pleading for rest.

The Rose Had Bloomed But the Man Was Dead.

Ugly Greg was the prisoner's name, ugly in face and in nature the same; Stubborn, sullen and beetle-browed, the hardest case in a hardened crowd. The six-set lines in his face were bent neither by kindness nor punishment. He had a friend in the prison there, and he grew more ugly and didn't care.

But some one—blessings upon his name! Had caused to be placed in that house of flowers and plants with plants on them all.

Though it seemed but a useless thing to do, Greg's cell had a garden pot, too, and as he sloshed back at the work-day's close he paused, astonished, for a rose.

"He will smash it to pieces," the keepers said. But the lines on his face grew soft instead. Next morning he watered his plant with care.

And went to his work with a cheerful air. And day by day the rose grew and grew. The soft green leaves unfolded their tips. And the foul word died on the prisoner's lips.

He talked to the plant when all alone. As he would to a friend in gentle tone: And by day, and week by week, As the rose grew taller so Greg grew meek.

But at last they took him away to lie On a hospital bed, for they knew he must die.

They pulled the rose in the sunny light When Greg might watch it from morn till night.

And the green buds grew, from day to day, As fast as the sick man faded away. The lines which sin and pain had traced, Seamed by the shadowing plant's face, Till came at last the bud most burst in flower.

Greg slept, but still one hand caressed The plant, the other his pale cheek pressed.

The perturbed crimson shed a glow On the dead man's hair as white as snow. The nurse came softly, "Look, Greg!" she said, Ay, the rose had bloomed but the man was dead!

O beautiful flowers of Paradise! Ye might never have bloomed for those sin-blind eyes. If God had not sent by his loving power His message of peace on the breath of a flower.

Possibly.

However we may land the wife, And this is the best of her condition's best, We must admit, if we are wise, The ignorant are the happiest.

The Egyptians believed that the soul lived on as long as the body endured, hence their reason for embalming the body to make it last as long as possible. It is estimated that altogether there are 400,000 mummies in Egypt.

Sententious.

Fine young women in country store—I want to get some powder. Smart young clerk—Face, bug or gun!

Two Views.

Musical (ironically)—I am afraid my master is disturbing the people who are talking over there. Hostess—Dear me, I never thought of that. Don't play so loudly.

The Trouble.

How is your wife? Un—her head has been troubling her a good deal lately. Sick headache? Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every month.

## THE WHEAT TRADE.

Great changes that have taken place in buying and selling during the past few years.

Some of the vast economic changes which have accompanied, as causes or effects, the development of the wheat market during the last generation are discussed in an article in the current number of the North American Review, entitled "Thirty Years in the Grain Trade," by Egerton R. Williams. The first revolutionizing influence Mr. Williams notes is the cheapened and extended telegraphic service. That brought exporters and importers close together, and put an end to the old custom of buying and storing for months in advance of requirements. The succeeding hand-to-mouth system intensified competition and reduced profits. Next, along with decline in profits, the great decline in freight lessened materially the difference between prices on this side of the Atlantic and prices on the other. The extension of railways into and throughout the wheat area, and their sharp competition with lake routes, led to the construction of steam vessels and to the old custom of buying and storing for months in advance of requirements. The succeeding hand-to-mouth system intensified competition and reduced profits. Next, along with decline in profits, the great decline in freight lessened materially the difference between prices on this side of the Atlantic and prices on the other. The extension of railways into and throughout the wheat area, and their sharp competition with lake routes, led to the construction of steam vessels and to the old custom of buying and storing for months in advance of requirements. The succeeding hand-to-mouth system intensified competition and reduced profits. Next, along with decline in profits, the great decline in freight lessened materially the difference between prices on this side of the Atlantic and prices on the other. 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